LAUGH upon LAUGH,

OR,

LAUGHTER Ridicul'd.

A

POEM,

Ethi-Comico-Satyrical.

Treating of the ſeveral Kinds or Degrees of LAUGHTER.

With ſome other Pieces by the ſame Hand.

——Ridiculum acri fortius.——
Omne tulit punctum qui miſcuit Utile Dulci.

By the AUTHOR of

Laugh and Lye down: or, *A Pleaſant but Sure Remedy for the Gout*, &c.

Humbly inſcrib'd to Maſter POPE,
Who'll put his Stamp upon't, I hope;
And then for current Coin 'twill paſs,
Elſe may be deem'd but burniſh'd Braſs.

LONDON,

Printed for LAWTON GILLIVER, at *Homer's Head*, oppoſite to St. *Dunſtan's Church*, *Fleet-ſtreet*. 1740.

Price One Shilling.

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POEM,

Epi-Comico-Satyrical.

Treating of the several Kinds or Degrees of LAUGHTER.

With some other Pieces by the same Hand.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit Utile Dulci.

By the Author of

Laugh and Live long, or, A Prescription for Short Remedy for the Gout, &c.

Humbly inscribd to Master Pope.

While I put this Stamp upon't, I know;
And then for current Coin 'twill pass,
Like may be done't but Brimly's Brass.

LONDON:

Printed for J. ROBERTS, at the Oxford-Arms, in Warwick-Lane, opposite to St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet-Street. 1740.

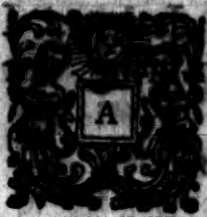
Price One Shilling.

[redacted]

TO

Alexander Pope, Esq;

SIR,



AS I have made choice of a Subject very tickliſh to deal withal, ſo I'm ſenſible 'tis a very tickliſh Point to deal with you. For whoever pretends to accoſt or addreſs Mr. Pope, in order to obtain his Patronage of any poetical Performance, muſt either be conſcious of ſome Merit, or guilty of great Impudence. However even the utmoſt Modeſty of my Aſſurance, relying on your Candour, will not permit me to ſuppoſe I ſhall fall under the Imputation of the latter, tho' it may ſeem to ſavour of Vanity to aſſume the former. But, as no one ſhould pretend to ſet up for a Writer, without being a Critic too; he muſt be ſuppos'd ſo far a Judge of his own Performance as to know whether it be likely to ſtand the Teſt. It may be ſaid indeed, that all Writers, however mean, will pretend, on that Foot, to a ſuitable Judiciouſneſs: but then there will always lye an Appeal to a Higher Court of Judgment, in the Higheſt of which you, Sir, preſide. And therefore I'm ſatisfy'd

I have taken the right Step at once, and by your Judgment am reſolv'd to ſtand or fall. I have this Satisfaction indeed, that I can't fall much lower, when I am upon the Ground already, and upon *Firm Ground* too. For, as I have the Good of the Public in view; I can never fail in point of Intention, however I may in that of Approbation.

Be that as it will, I muſt freely own, that, tho' I would not willingly over-rate my Pretenſions, yet if I thought I could not attain to the Approbation of the beſt Judges, I would have none at all; remembring our Old Maſter HORACE's Rule ——

—— —— *Mediocribus eſſe Poetis*
Non Dii, non Homines, &c.

Now, Sir, if I ſtand Right in Court with you, I ſhall not need to make my Court to any one elſe. And on your ſingle Approbation I ſhall value my ſelf more (tho' without either Vanity or Flattery) than upon the united Acclamations of thouſands of the loweſt Claſs of Critics. You know to diſtinguiſh between Waggery and Oſtentation, and to ſeparate the Man of Humour from the vain Coxcomb. You——But I ſhall not enter upon a Character ſo well known, and ſo univerſally allow'd; therefore conclude here, with great Regard to your diſtinguiſh'd Merit,

Sompting, Suſſex, Mar. 25, 1740.

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

W. B.

A

PREFACE
To the READERS.

I HAD once a Thought that it might not be altogether improper to prewise a ſmall Diſſertation on the Subject of this Poem, Mechanically, Phyſically, and Muſically conſidered; and under the firſt Head to have given you the true Anatomy or Diſſection of a Laugh, with an Account of the ſeveral Organs, Muſcles and Fibres employ'd in this noble Exercice, together with their juſt and exact Contraction (for Dilatation I conceive there is none) which might have render'd it, in ſome meaſure, both an Art and a Science. But I conſider'd that this would be too Philoſophical, and generally eſteem'd too dry and jejune a Prelude to the following Entertainment, and therefore better omitted.

The Phyſical Account of it is in a great meaſure prevented in my Remedy for the Gout, where it is preſcribed as a proper Preparative to the Operation recommended; and the great Effect and Uſefulneſs of it ſhewn in ſome other Caſes, which may be extended further as Occaſion requires.

And as to the Muſical Part, tho' capable of further Enlargement, I thought fit to confine my

my Self with the Rudiments of Vocal Rudiments relating to the ſeveral Tones of the Voice, which I am ſenſible can't be all ſet to the ſame Key.

Therefore I have drawn up a Short Gamut of the Muſical or ſonorous Laugh, which may be ſuited to the ſeveral Conſtitutions employ'd in it as a Muſical Exercice.

For pitching then to the right Key, the Method which HORACE directs as to the Capacity of Genius with reſpect to Poetry in its ſeveral Branches—That a due Eſtimate ſhould be taken by all who pretend to write what they are able to undertake——

——Quid valeant humeri, &c.

That Method, I ſay, muſt be taken in this Caſe—They who would pretend to any Thing of Harmony in this Way muſt examine the Force of their Lungs, and the Soundneſs of their Conſtitutions. Perſons of a Wheezy or Phthiſical Diſpoſition, or who from ſecret Infirmity may be in danger of diſconcerting their Fabrick, muſt be contented with the Bare Ti-hee, or the Treble-ſqueak, tho' capable of ſome Extenſion, as I ſhall ſhew.

Others more ſound and robuſt both in Lungs and Body may proceed to the Hă-hē, which is the Tenor, the mean or the middle Part. But Fox-hunters and Country Squires of a vociferous and boiſterous Frame, and who have ſtudied nothing but rank Health and violent Exercice, may very well reach the Hŏ-hō, which is the deep Baſe.

Let-

Let the following Method then be respectively observed.——

Note, the Gamut *here descends as written, but must be improved upwards in the Modulation of the Voice.*

The Laughing GAMUT.

Treble Part		Tenor.	
	Hēē.		*Hē.*
	Ti-hēē.		*Hă-hē.*
	Ti-hēē-hēē.		*Hă-hă-hē.*
	Ti-hēē-hēē-hēē.		*Hă-hă-hă-hē.*
	Ti-hēē-hēē-hēē-hēē.		*Hă-hă-hă-hă-hē.*
	&c.		&c.

Base	
	Hō.
	Hō-hō.
	Hō-hō-hō.
	Hō-hō-hō-hō.
	Hō-hō-hō-hō-hō.
	&c.

N. B. The *Horse Laugh* is always exercis'd upon this Part of the Scale.

I must further observe, with regard to my Readers now under Discipline and Correction, that there is one material Distinction to be minded with respect to the Jaws, which in all Persons may not be equally fix'd tight in their Sockets, nor their Ligatures equally strong. For I ought to mind a Story of a young Lady, who strained her self so much in Laughing, as to dislocate her under Jaw; and finding it hang loose called out to the Company

Company in a broken Tone ēē, ēē——for help, at the same Time supporting her Jaw with her Hand; which by timely Assistance was restored into its due Place tho' it put her greatly out of Tune.

I mention this Instance by way of Caution, not rashly to exceed the Limits of the Gamut, *which consists therefore of a Few Notes tho' with an &c.*

There is another Light in which my Present Subject may be view'd and consider'd, and that is in a Moral way; which is reserv'd for the Body of the Poem *itself, to which I now refer you.*

N. B. *That the Author may not seem to indulge too much to a ludicrous Vein or an humorous Fancy, he has it in view (if The Almighty spare his Life, and He meets with Encouragement from the Public) to employ his Poetical Talent (if he has any) on the Noble Subject of* True Religion; *which will not interfere with Dr.* Trapp's *Scheme, but rather fall in with and promote his Design. See the Dr's* Poem upon Death, Pag. 12.

Laugh upon Laugh.

A

POEM.

SOME Prelude here the Muſe adviſes;
A Flouriſh e're the Curtain riſes:
So Trumpet ſounds before Aſſizes.
And here in Judgment we're to ſit
O'er Thoſe who laugh where there's no Wit;
O'er Sneerers, Grinners, and the reſt,
Who by *miſtaking make the Jeſt.*
Indulge the Muſe her hum'rous Fancy:
Say 'tis a Whim— no Harm I can ſee.
She'll diſh up *Something like a Tanſy.*

The PRELUDE.

The Title-page full adverti'd;
Most lik'd it hugely, Some deſpis'd:
For we muſt ne'er expect to find
The Many all of the ſame mind.
Laugh upon Laugh? cries One, Hey day!
The Man's bit by *Tarantula.*
If ſo, we've Remedy moſt ſure;
Muſic for That's the only Cure:
And here my Muſe employs her Lays
Others to cure who're in that Caſe,
Or like it; mind That as we paſs.
A Second—'Tis the Fumes of Wine.
I can't afford That, worſe Luck's mine;
Tho' 'twould not hurt me when I dine.
A Glaſs too at and after Supper
Might help to clear my Region upper.
So when my Lines creep dull, ſtiff, ſlow,
You need not gueſs; the Cauſe you know.

With

With envious Heart, and Viſage ſad,
A Third cries, He's grown rhiming-mad.
Or whence this grand poetic Clutter?
Is it for Bread? No---'Tis for Butter.
But I'm not ſuch a Butter-box,
As to leave none for other Folks.
The publick Good I aim and drive at:
But pray, does that exclude all private?
And ſhall I think my ſelf the worſe
For having more Pence in my Purſe?

Suppoſe this *Poem* now *on Laughter*
Makes you more civiliz'd hereafter,
And helps to portion out my Daughter;
Leſt She, forſooth, lead Apes in Hell,
(Such paultry prate you know full well)
Pray, where's the harm of't, can you tell?

Here I'd a Mind to advertiſe her,
As of that Sort well call'd the wiſer,

Frugal, genteel, chearfully good;
And that ſhe ſprung from no mean Blood;
Her Grand-mother on Father's Side
Kin to *Queen* ANNE through *Chanc'lor* HYDE.
But th' Herald's Office has *Records*,
Which will go further than my Words.
Few know what Worth this Girl of mine has.
She's none of your Out-flirting DINAHS:
Yet knows how to behave when ſeen
E'en in the Preſence of a Queen:
And, as ſhe don't for Husband pine,
Immortal in my Verſe ſhall ſhine.
Here I was ready to have run ye on
A Progreſs, like my old Friend BUNYAN.
When, cautious to prevent all Sneer,
APOLLO twitch'd me by the Ear,
And ſaid, " Forbear, my Son, Forbear:
" She's One I could my ſelf commend
" To One, who is his own beſt Friend,
" And would be hers—and there's an End.

" From

" From me the Thing ſounds well enough,
" Nor can be taken for a *Puff*.
" Don't You enlarge upon the Matter.
" The Wags will crie—You only flatter,
" Or like an old Fool dote and chatter.
I ſmil'd——his Godſhip tho' confeſs'd
I'd ſpoke the Truth, howe'er in jeſt.
But I'd forgot where I left off.
Pardon, Good Sirs,—my Hat I d'off.
Yes——'Twas about this little Piece,
Which neither came from *Rome* nor *Greece*;
But yet 'tis Some-thing—in its kind
A Maſter-piece—Now, Critics, mind.
Should You ſay—'tis not worth the Pence,
'Twould only prove your Want of Senſe;
And if you have your Peny's-worth,
'Tis right on both ſides—and ſo forth.
My *Divine Ode on Prophecy*——
How lik'd you That?—Not ſeen it? Fye!

Matters

Matters of moment it contains
And worth, to Thoſe who've Taſte and Brains.
Each Pamplet-ſhop throughout the Town
Should help diſperſe it up and down;
And each Book-ſeller in the Countrey
Its Leaves and Fruit have on his own Tree.
Thoſe Pages ſhall in Time to come,
Shine forth, when Envy's quite ſtruck dumb;
The Teeth of Malice too pull'd out:
Such Times will come I make no doubt.
Here the pert Critic cries, *A Puff*,
'Tis *Prophecy*, and that's enough.
Poets are Prophets, and foretell
Sometimes, ſuch Things they know full well.
I lately cur'd you of the *Gout*;
At leaſt I chalk'd the Method out
For you to cure your ſelves if willing;
And you'd all that for *One poor Shilling*:
Pounds it was worth; and ſo you'll find it.
Here *Puff* again;—but I don't mind it.

I ſmoke my Pipe ſedate and cool,
And *puff* too at each ſleering Fool.
But what a gen'rous Fool was I
To Parliament not to applie;
But give you my Diſcov'ry *gratis*?
Good as *Dame* STEPHENS *Medicines*, that 'tis:
As good, tho' in a diff'rent way,
I don't ſay better, give fair play;
More pleaſant tho' (bating her Pay.)
No nauſeous Draught cramm'd down your Gullets,
Nor Pills, I'm told, as big as Bullets:
But a pure eaſy, lolling Cure,
Catch but the Foot while 'twill endure
Its Fellow's gentle Application —
Scrub now's the Word throughout the Nation.
In ſome late Papers there pop't out
A *Cure* pretended for the *Gout*.
Whether 'tis really ſuch I doubt;
At the ſame time I wiſh it may,
And that th' Inventors find their Pay:

For

For when the Public Good we drive at,
The Public ſhould regard our Private.
What Mortal elſe would rack his Brains,
To have his Labour for his Pains?
Two Wits I find were on the Tenter,
And clubb'd, it ſeems, in this Adventure.
Two Fathers had this Bantling plump,
(And why not, pray, when Wits will jump?)
Yet after all I'd hold a Crown
My *Method* runs theirs fairly down.
There's no Experience found to back it,
As I ſee, mention'd in their Packet.
Mine has been Self-try'd o'er and o'er,
Time after Time, perhaps a ſcore;
And never fail'd on each Attack
To lay the *Gout* upon its Back.
I've now another Cure in hand,
And greatly wanted in this Land,
At the ſame Price—— I ask no more
Than that ſmall Pittance on this Score;

Tho'

Tho' what I'm going to say down
Is honestly worth half a Crown—
Here I appeal to *Twitenham*'s 'Squire,
Apollo's Master of the Lyre,
Precentor to the Muses Choir,
Best Poet, Critic.—Who bids higher?
If I, Sir, (who, to get a-top
Of the small Writers, want a Prop)
Hold by your Cloke, don't let me drop.
You scorn to imitate *Droll* Burgess.
Keep my Head up above the Surges
Of the tempestuous Critic Seas:
One Finger does it, if you please.
Then, may S. Patrick's *Dean* vouchsafe
His Approbation by a Laugh;
Dear Pope, translate this in your Packet:
Who knows but Mr. *Dodsley* may lack it?
But hold——If he should print my Jacques,
Thinking I meant t' usurp his Chair,
As humourous Professor there:

I'd better here lye snug and close,
Than travel further for dry Blows.
Besides, when he's a Mind to ferk,
He out-does Bussy for a Jerk.
The *Dean* we know's grown old and jealous,
And looks askew at waggish Fellows.
But as a Thief in Mill he's safe;
None e're can reach his pitch by half.
Then should he like my Form and Fashion,
And spread my Fame throughout his Nation;
Bales both of this and t'other Ditties
Would cross the Seas between the Cities.
Trapp too, should'st thou conjoin thy Praise,
And smile upon my rural Lays;
Sustain'd by thy approving Hand,
Flie they would swiftly through the Land.
O say — when shall we taste again
The Fruits of thy poetic Brain?

Fame

Fame says—A glorious Enterprize
Detains thee from our longing Eyes—
MILTON thou mean'ſt to *Virgilize*.
Not one of all APOLLO's Sons
E'er better fitted for the nonce.
VIRGIL by thee now made our own
As native, or free *Deniſon*,
Heroic and unfetter'd ſhines
In thine, like his, immortal Lines.
But the Great MILTON to tranſlate,
Keep up his Majeſty and State,
And make him a *Coſmopolite*,
Yet loſe no Grace, no Spirit, by't;
Makes my Muſe giddy-headed quite.
But if——perhaps it may'n't be ſo—
O don't thy ſacred Strains forego.
Thy *Eagle-muſe her Bill ſhould waſh*—
Let not the *Laſt Things* be thy Laſt.
Remember what kind Hints you gave
Of what the World might further have.

O could I make out Line for Line
My Strains Antiphonal to thine,
By turns we'd charm down Vice and Error,
Or dart 'em through with our bright Mirror.
At leaſt (that Boaſt too great) might chance
Help daſh 'em out of Countenance.
Having now tun'd and eas'd my Fiddle,
Hark how deliciously 'twill tweedle.

† CANTATA.

Ye merry Souls throughout the Land,
Who'd have the World at your Command,
Swim in Delight, enjoy your Eaſe,
Your ſelves diverting as you pleaſe;
Who ſeek below (if ſuch there be)
That golden dream Felicity;
Attend, and liſten to my Song,
Tun'd ſweetly, and not over long;

† *Cantata*, an Italian Word for a Piece of Muſic, conſiſting of grave Parts and Airs intermixed one with another.

Not

Not meddle to pall your Appetite,
Nor bilk your Joys, but fix 'em right.
On you Heav'n's Bounty has beſtow'd
Accommodations on the Road:
But ſet not up your Staff, till tead
Forwards to your great Journey's End.
Excuſe this Hint; for I'm your Friend,
And would divert you on the Way,
By ought that I can ſing, or ſay,
Tho' not tranſgreſſing Virtue's bounds;
Who dare do ſo will Fools be found.
Like Fellow-travellers let's jog on,
Pleaſant and free of Stay, I've a Flog on;
And ſo have you one way or other:
I'll take up mine, without more pother;
And, tho' I can't ſay it is off quite,
I'll bear it, till all Things come right.
Then let's be merry: for I've got
A Song will ſuit in every Note;

And Strains, such as our *Laureat* (bless him!)
Could never reach, tho' some cares him;
And yet had never the least Smack
(How my Chops water't) of his Sack——
Strains such—the like (so far as we know)
Were never sung by SENESINO
Nay some go further, and will tell ye,
These exceed those of FARINELLI.

Your darling Laughter too's my Theme,
Drawn out in a diverting Scheme,
Illustrated in every Feature
Belonging to an human Creature.

The *Smile* leads up; the *Sneer*, the *Titter*,
Then each advance (what Order fitter?)
The *Giggle*, the *Plain Laugh*, the *Sneer*,
The *Grin*, the *Horse-Laugh* in the rear:
You see my Method's good and clear.

To thee then first, sweet dimpling *Smile*,
Order requires I turn my Stile.

First-

First-born of Innocence—Thy Rise
Commenc'd at first in Paradise,
When ADAM fondly on his Bride
Gaz'd, newly sprung up from his Side;
And She with like attractive Grace
Beheld the Wonders of his Face;
Wonders, which did in each combine
To style it justly *Face Divine.*

Thee still the Infant-babe displays,
Whom at her Breast the Mother lays;
Plays at Bob-cherry with her Nipple,
To make him eager for more Tipple;
Who, when of Mother's Milk his fill
H' has suck'd, looks up, and smiles on still.
Nor baulks the Mother all the while
Her turn of correspondent *Smile.*

Of thee Philosophers of old
The Use and Decency did hold:
Nor gravest Dons among Divines
Scorn to admit thy pleasing Lines.

Thou'rt

Thou'rt the chief Glory of the Face,
Which giv'ſt to ev'ry Visage Grace,
Beauty and Luſtre to each Feature,
Of the moſt homely human Creature;
To whom alone 'tis giv'n to laugh;
And of that Gift Thou'rt the beſt half.
So I ſhall think it worth my while,
Can I but make my Readers ſmile;
That is, put on the beſt of Faces,
And I ſtand fair in their good Graces.

The next Degree of Laugh's the *Smirk*,
Or *Smile* advanc'd, but with * a Jerk:
Not ſo ſedate and calm as t'other,
Quick, and which ſeems a Laugh to ſmother;
A Laugh as 'twere in embryo,
Speechleſs, far ſhort of Ho-he-ho,
In Infancy advanc'd it ſhines,
Scarce moves the Face's ſtrongeſt Lines;

* That is Twitch, as here it ſignifies.

Some-

Something indeed contracts the Phyz——
Of pert Girls this the Maſter-piece.
In baſhful Boys 'tis call'd a Leer.
But I'll proceed---You'll think me Queer:
Howe'er, as I have ſtudied Nature,
I muſt know ſomething of the Matter.
Altho' Philoſophers agree
Nature's a Boundleſs Myſtery,
A Deep unfathom'd yet by Man,
Which yet we trie and ſtrive to ſcan.
Some Things we pick up by the way,
And that's as much as Man can ſay;
And all that's needful to be ſaid,
I think, upon the preſent Head;
Which, while you look, or think on't, flies,
Is gone, and vaniſh'd in a trice.
My next Eſſay's upon the *Titter*,
Which puts my Muſe into a Twitter,
Right to diſtinguiſh; ſo confounding
Are Terms in common Way of ſounding.

That to write full, and clear, and fair,
We muſt know how to ſplit a Hair.

The Titter's the firſt Laugh with Voice
To be diſtinguiſh'd by its Noiſe;
Not quite Sonorous, minc'd, and primm'd,
And between Smile and Laugh well trimm'd;
Beyond a Smerk, but ſhort of Giggle:
(For nicer Bounds we need not higgle.)
The Young Ones of each Sex lay claim
To this, in both 'tis call'd the ſame.
Sometimes indeed it is extended
Through ev'ry Stage of Life 'till ended,
And ev'ry Laugh is call'd a Titter;
But we to place it right thought fitter.
For tho' by a Poetic Licenſe
I may take Words in your or my Senſe;
Yet when we treat in Form and Order,
Each has its proper Bound and Border.

And here the Titter's underſtood
As, in itſelf, nor bad, nor good;

Rais'd, as the Fancy chanc'd to hit
On what ſeem'd Nonſence, or what Wit,
Humour, or Whim, or ſometimes neither,
But the mere ſtirring of a Feather.
'Tis of a light and airy Kind,
Oft ſhews a weak fantaſtic Mind.

The *Giggle* next demands my Lays,
But I forbear to add, my Praiſe.
Of too much Levity it ſavours:
On that I ſhan't beſtow my Favours.
Of Wantonneſs it has ſome Smatch:
By handling I the Itch might catch,
Had I ſtill left a tickliſh Fancy;
But now no Charm in it I can ſee.

The Giggling Girls will cry, I'm old;
And oft indeed I've ſo been told:
I think ſo too, nay more, I know it.
Pardon your old decrepit Poet.

But I've a Son, who, if he's wife,
(And he has Daddy's Noſe and Eyes)
Will all your Giggling Clan deſpiſe;
A chearful Partner chooſe for Life,
But like to make a virtuous Wife.

The Fault's not mine, that I'm not young;
Nor when I was, ſo ſagely ſung.
Time, Obſervation, and Reflection,
Afford more Room for Circumſpection;
And qualify Men of great Letters
To give Hints ſometimes to their Betters.
But that muſt be in modeſt Way——
I humbly beg, beſeech, or pray——
But, what am I about, you'll ſay?
Why I'm about—Let's ſee—Three-ſcore;
Perhaps 'tis ſomething leſs or more——
What then?—Stay—I'm about to tell ye——
And a good Bargain too I'll ſell ye——
For nought you ſhall have my Advice,
And That's —*Tho' merry ſtill be wiſe.*

What

What, wife, you'll say, before our Time?
When we've scarce reach'd of Life the Prime?
Deprive us of our *Giggle?* Fye!
'Tis Time enough for that by'nd by——
The *Dean* himself would not have don't,
Had he thought fit to touch upon't.
For all his Girds and fleering Jokes,
We take him not for such a Nokes.
Were such as you to have their Will,
Next we must part with dear *Quadrille*;
And the polite double *Entendres*
Of Beaus, well dress'd as any can dress.
We Young Ones must indulge to Pleasure—
We'll think, and mend, when we're at leisure.
I'd have you of no Joy bereft
That's fit, and decent; See what's left:
The *Smile*, the *Smerk*, nay e'en the *Titter*,
Well manag'd, you're allow'd — what's better?
Nay by and by I'll let you laugh
With due Decorum ——— then you're safe.

The

The Giggle's of a baser Kind,
And leaves some Taint upon the Mind:
Some Shame too, to be seen of Man;
Or else, why cover'd with the Fan?
Tho' from each Side the Gigglers squint
On those who are their Partners in't,
The Giggle is a Sort of Chuckle,
Which works quite downwards to the Huckle.
And Those well practis'd in the Giggle,
Their Bodies twist and writhe and wriggle,
Half chok'd with Laugh, but don't laugh out.
That's the next Point we're now about.
And this is the main Point of all,
Which the *Plain Laugh* we therefore call;
This, save the Smile, excells all others,
Fair, open, free, and nothing smothers.
Good Humour this wrought to the Height,
And well exerted has its weight
Folly and Vice to ridicule
'Twas given for chiefly; That's the Rule.

And

And would this Maxim all embrace,
Neither would dare to shew its Face.
If with this Weapon both you maul;
Laugh on, I say, Good People all.
Mind, I say Good, and then you're safe;
None else have any Right to laugh.
This firm Position I lay down;
Nay, I'll maintain it, if you frown,
With Force of Argument shall make,
E'en for your Good, your Hearts to ake.
Fools laugh at Fools? Pot laugh at Kettle?
A Scene, what wise Man would not nettle?
In pure good humour I forbear—
But hark—what's that I see and hear?
That Sort of Laugh we call *A Sneer*?
For at my Elbow stood a Prig,
Who star'd at first, then swell'd, look'd big,
And tugg'd the Foretop of his Wig;
Then snicker'd like that Animal,
Man's Ape, which some a Monkey call.

For as ſome Brutes will mimic Men;
Some Men will mimic Brutes again.
You'll ſay perhaps, This is a *Sneer*.
But I deny't——No Snicker's here——
Mine is pure, honeſt, manly Satyre——
Judge Thoſe who know beſt of the Matter.
I own indeed 'tis Ridicule,
But That's our Right by former Rule.
Fools in their own Way muſt be met,
Leſt they grow wiſe in their Conceit.
A Sneer's the Product of ill Nature;
But to do Good 's th' Intent of Satyre,
Or to reform, or ſhame——(that Rod
Men ſometimes fear who fear not God.)
Far be't then I ſhould come within
The Imputation of a Grin.
The *Grin!* Oh! horrible and Gaſtly,
And which improves Ill Nature vaſtly!
This takes it's riſe from a Dog's Snarling,
Tho' made by ſome ſo great a Darling.

The

The Teeth shewn do not always bite,
But still envenom'd are with Spite;
Spite ne'er design'd by our Creator
Ever to lodge in human Nature—
Foul Off-spring of a Parent evil,
And hatch'd by a malignant Devil;
Who, as Old Milton sung one while,
Grinn'd (Horrible!) a gastly Smile;
Which his Imps learn'd by imitation,
And spread through human Generation.
Dread then, Good Souls, that Hellish Fashion.

What say you then to the *Horse-Laugh?*
Brutish—I say—or worse by half—
Consider'd in a Moral Way;
The Physical we give fair play
To break Impostumes, or shake out
From th' upper parts the Salts in Gout;
Here in a different Light we view it,
And with just Satyre shall pursue it;

Mind, I say Just—When we deride,
It must be on the Human Side;
Not with a Horse-Laugh broad and wide.
Such high Contempt of Human Nature
Is a Disgrace to Human Creature:
Its very Name and boistrous Force
Implies Resemblance of a Horse;
As Most derive it from his Neighing,
Tho' rather like an Ass's Braying.
But ne'er was Horse so great a Fool,
As to set up a Laughing-School;
Nor ever did the long-ear'd Brute
Think that his Voice with Man's could suite
This of Man's Wisdom was the Fruit;
Who, studious to improve his Nature,
Will imitate the vilest Creature.
The leacherous Goat, the filthy Swine,
Shall help his Manners to refine.
But still he finds with great dejection,
He can't attain to their Perfection.

Wiſer than Man they keep their Station
Aſſign'd 'em at their firſt Creation;
Leſt to themſelves, they're ne'er inclin'd
To ſwerve or vary from their Kind:
And when we make One our Familiar
Our ſelves than That we make much ſillier.
Veny looks ſmug and ſleek in Lap,
Eats roſt meat, boild, and ſugar'd Pap,
Sits on a Cuſhion at the Table,
And all admire the pretty Bauble——
Is *Veny* better now or worſe,
Having firſt, ſecond, and third Courſe?
Truly I can't well tell you whether——
But are not We the worſe for't neither?
We of their Nature can't diveſt 'em,
However we carcſs or feaſt 'em.
But ours we may degrade I think;
For *Veny* ſtill will bark, and ſtink,
Far more perhaps than fed with Bones,
Proper Allowance for ſuch Ones.

Cat in the Fable, dress'd like Queen,
Was still a real Cat within;
Not would forgoe her Darling-Mouse
For the best Dainties in the Houſe.
But We (ſad hap of human Race!)
E'en dare God's Image to deface,
Sink down below our proper Station,
And court the Brutal Generation:
We, who by Nature were deſign'd
For Thoughts and Objects more refin'd,
Our Souls akin to the Moſt High,
Our Bodies farther off, tho' nigh,
Eye proſtrate grov'ling in the Mire,
Tho' Heav'n gives Wings to mount em higher,
And to th' Angelic State aſpire.
But hold—My Subject I'd forgot.
Was't out of Sight then? Perhaps not.
My Fancy ſeem'd a little roving,
But yet methought 'twas ſomewhat moving.

Hō—the Horse Laugh *Hi-hō-ho hō-hō-hō*
It's Nature by its Sound you know.
The bare Horse Laugh, we agree,
Is modest, and that's *hi-hō-hē*.
Of this divest us no one can,
For 'tis the Property of Man,
Product of Reason, not of Sense;
And Man's call'd *Risible* from thence.
This differs from the British Kind,
As from the Body does the Mind;
On Visage sits with comely Grace
Exerted in due Time and Place.
Of these I beg leave to remind ye—
Think You've a Monitor behind ye,
A secret Whisper in your Ear—
This is the Way—Ere not—D'ye hear?
Nor must you ever dare to laugh
At what concerns your better Half,
I mean, the Int'rests of your Soul;
'Twould be a Blemish sadly foul.

Too

Too late You would lament the Sin,
When the Laugh's chang'd into a Grin,
A Grin, with *Gnashing of the Teeth*,
And Hell wide-yawning from beneath.

A Writer, and by some admir'd,
(Heav'ns! I'm with Indignation fir'd)
This wicked Maxim has profess'd,
That Ridicule's the only Test
To find out Truth, distinguish Merit,
And stamp for Current what will bear it;
Far from Excepting in his Rule
Things the most Sacred——Sportive Fool!
So God, Hell, Heav'n, as well as Priest,
May be the Subject of our Jest;
And if we think we've laugh'd them down,
May send 'em packing out of Town,
Or their Reality disown,
If they don't answer this Touch-stone:
Or if (as well he might have say'd)
Heav'n's vengeful Arm don't strike us dead;

Monster

Monſter in Nature! Lewd Buffoon!
Thus the Fool thought he'd ſhot the Moon.
Howe'er admir'd, I call him Fool——
Such ſhould be whipt, or ſent to School;
Taught Manners, and to know their Betters,
Inſtead of writing pois'nous *Letters.*

Here let me the Fair Sex addreſs,
Congratulate their Happineſs,
Caſt in a more Angelic Mold,
With leſs Alloy, and ſeldom bold;
Whoſe native Modeſty diſplays
A thouſand Charms a thouſand Ways;
Who were by Providence deſign'd
To ſmooth and poliſh the Male-kind——
Exert your Charms as thus intended;
The World by You may much be mended.
Oh! ſhould it through your Means grow worſe,
Think eatly on the mighty Curſe:
For can there be a greater Evil
Than a Help-meet to prove a ——?

Pardon

Pardon th' ungrateful Supposition;
I only touch'd it in Transition,
As I would let no Hint pass by
Or out of pious Jealousy.
But I forbear---fulfill your Trust
To your Creation's End be just;---
Your Servant---Take my Leave I muſt.

Here too, before I cloſe my Tale,
A Word or two may'n't hurt the Male,
The manly Part of the Creation,
On Earth the nobleſt Generation;
To whom the Lordſhip here is giv'n
O'er ev'ry Creature under Heav'n.
Giv'n ſay you? Then 'tis not their own---
Who doubts it? And what's better known?
How come ſo many then to count
That they have no Lord Paramount,
No Homage, no Quit-Rent to pay,
Nor Suit, nor Service, as they ſay,
But they're born Free?---Good lack-a-day!

Free?

Free? Yes, like *Colt of the wild Aſs*—
A pat Reſemblance of the Caſe.
For as that Creature can and may
Freely kick up his Heels, and bray;
They may *think Freely*, *do*, *or ſay*——
I'm got among the Beaſts again—
But now return, and ſpeak to Men—
Shew your ſelves ſuch—I'll ſtop my Pen.

The End of the POEM.

EPILOGUE,

By EUTERPE the Muſe of the POEM.

THE *Northern Hero* was the Writer,
An hum'rous but a ſerious Biter;
Who formerly kick'd a Foot-Ball,
Lud knows how high, o'er a Tower-wall.
Monſtrous! And thereby hangs A *Tale*,
We'll throw That in, 'twill mend the Sale,
To Thoſe who only know the Story
Confus'dly; here 'tis now before ye——
And a *Phænomenon* in th' Air
Was ſeen, a Prodigy moſt rare——
And ſuch as FLAMSTEAD, NEWTON, WHISTON,
Nor HALLEY ever hit, but miſs'd, on.
'Twas not indeed a Ball of Fire,
But Wind——None ever mounted higher.

It

It ſhould have been fix'd in the Sky,
Has [illegible]
A Conſtellation's Place—'Twas hard,
When Room was found for *Taylor's Yard.*
An Honour that ſute beyond *Meaſure*
Th' Aſtronomers uſe their own Pleaſure.
But---In the Heav'ns a *Taylor's Yard!*
For Merit ſure but ſmall Regard——
Trie to account for't if you can——
The Taylor ſometimes *makes a Man.*
Well ſaid—But then his Sheers, or Thimble,
Might have ſtepp'd in, had they been nimble;
The Needle too might claim that Station,
As ſharing moſt in that Creation——
Had I been there and their Counſellour,
I ſhould have rather choſen the Taylor——
But here 'twas as in other Caſes,
Merit muſt wait when full the Place is——
However when the next Star ſhall fall,
Sue for it's Place, thou Glorious Ball.

THE NORTHERN HERO, A TALE.

FULL in the prime of Youth (when Nerves high-strung
Prompted to sprightly Feats, which ne'er were sung
By Muse of ancient or of modern Date,)
Conscious of Strength, but not with Pride elate;
A *Northern-Hero*, (to his Fate decreed
He should be fryd for the unequall'd Deed)
Stepp'd forth, unmeaning, further than to view
A Fort's old Ruines which to him were *new*.
One Friend he had Associate in his Walk
To mix in Observation and in Talk;

Who

Who fmit with Admiration at the Height
Of a Tow'r-wall which courts the diſtant Sight,
Would hence diſcover, that no Stone could
throw,
Which ſhould ſurmount its Summit from
below.
Fir'd with Ambition on this Scene to raiſe,
However mean, a Monument of praiſe,
Our Champion with Diſdain the Tow'r ſurvey'd,
And, ſmiling, thus to his Companion ſaid——
How would it raiſe your Wonder, ſhould you ſee
A Foot-ball kick'd o'er this high Wall by me?
With huge Deriſion he receiv'd the Query,
And thought the Champion mad, or over-merry.
In ſhort the Ridicule, ſuſtain'd a while,
Fetch'd from him a compos'd and ſerious Smile——
What Wager will you lay? Ten times One
Shilling?——
'Tis done——And in good earneſt? willing
Willing!——

Th'

Denial——

Plans

Plans all its Motion o'er the City's Wall,
And calculates its Rising and its Fall;
The hostile Mischief curves its Arch along,
And destin'd falls amidst the destin'd Throng:
So now collecting on well-pointed Toe
All his full Force and Skill into one Blow,
Now for't, the Champion cries——The trusty Ball
Springs forth up-rising, and surmounts the * Wall.
Uproars and Acclamations rend the Sky;
Fame claps her Wings, her Trumpet sounds on high;
Whilst to the grand Applause the eechoing Hills reply.

* A high Tower Wall, Relict of the Ruins of *Bramber Castle* in *Sussex*.

THE CLOSE of the *TALE*.

FULL well recorded is the *Tale*,
As quoted o'er full Pots of Ale.
A neighbouring Hoſt oft told the Story
For Lucre, not the Hero's Glory;
And when the Pint of Wine was out,
Still ſetch'd his Narrative about:
Then 'Tother Pint (and who would grudge it,
With ſuch ſtrange News to fill his Budget?)
But ſhould it ſtill be doom'd to Proſe,
And Pots and Pints? The Muſe aroſe
The *Tale* melodiouſly to cloſe.

Here we ſubjoin an EPIGRAM;
No matter from what Hand it came.

An

An EPIGRAM *on the High Kicker,*
Who ſoon became a Country Vicar,
Got two ſmall Livings, and a Wife,
(Who that ſhould be was no ſmall Strife)
Then well-provided ſeem'd for Life.

NEws of this Grand Exploit wide-ſpread,
Some Matrons took it in their head
To meet, and in full Council ſate:
When quickly, without much Debate,
'Twas carried, *Nem. Contradicente,*
Our Hero ſhould of Wives have plenty,
In order to increaſe the Breed,
And propagate with greater Speed
A Race of Heroes to ſucceed;
That ours was a mere dwindling Nation,
A puny mopiſh Generation——
But this bright Star ſhot from the North
Darts ſprightly Beams out—and ſo forth.

'Twas fix'd then, He ſhould have three Wives,
And they'd contend as for their Lives,
For this their Gen'rous Reſolution,
And ſee it put in Execution.

The Hero thank'd 'em for the Boon;
But, when once married, found out ſoon
(What he ſuſpected) 'twas a Puff,
And, howe'er Good, that One's enough.

AN ODE

On the Debaſement of POETRY.

1.

§. HE who can tag bald Verſe with Rhime
Now paſſes for a Poet;
And thus equipp'd thinks it high Time
That all the World ſhould know it.

2.

Straight he the Muſes Liv'ry wears,
To PHOEBUS is a-kin,
In URBAN's *Magazine* appears
An Aſs in Lion's Skin.

3.

In Poetry more's to be done
Than barely verſifying;
As more than firing off a Gun
Requir'd to ſhoot well flying.

4.

An active Thought, preſence of Mind,
Sharp Eyes, and ſteady Hands,
To crown a Genius well inclin'd,
E'en this mean Art demands.

5.

Far nobler is the Poet's Art,
Suſtain'd by native Fire,
Which in each Science claims a Part,
To which but Few aſpire.

6.

A Poet ſhould be born and bred
To loftineſs of Thought,
By fancy warm'd, by Judgment led,
And with good Learning fraught.

7.

To the true Poet Themes impart
E'en of the baſeſt Mold;
His Touch, by more than Chymic Art,
Shall turn 'em into Gold.

AN ODE

On the Difference and Diſtinction of Muſes.

1.

THE low pretending Muſe derives
From gaggling Gooſe her Quill,
Nor higher flyes than ſhe, nor ſtrives
In Song for greater Skill.

2.

The Genuine Muſe can mount on high
Beyond an Eagle's Wing;
She ſoars and towrs above the Sky,
And learns from Heav'n to ſing.

3.

In pure Æthereal Plains ſhe finds
Her native Element,
There ſcuds along, ſwifter than Winds
In Air's groſs Region pent;

From

4.

From Orb to Orb takes winged Dance
New Syſtems to explore;
Views in the Infinite Expanſe
Worlds beyond Worlds in ſtore:

5.

Sometimes attempts more arduous Flight,
Nor dreads thoſe trackleſs Roads,
Which lead immenſe, Height above Height,
Up to the bleſt Abodes.

6.

Here finds her Pinions flag a-pace,
Unable to ſuſtain
The diſtant Glories of the Place;
Then ſtoops to Earth again.

7.

Yet having caught celeſtial Fire
To glow within her Breaſt,
Her Votaries ſhe can inſpire
From thence, on their Requeſt.

8. Hence

8.

Hence as a Goddess She's esteem'd
Seated on Throne of Glory;
And from her various Influx deem'd
Not One, but Nine in Story.

THE Printers ne'er fail to put *Finis*,
At th' End of ev'ry Book—But mine is
Of ſuch a Nature, and ſo penn'd,
In ſhort there's properly *no End*——
And it might grieve your Hearts full ſore,
If meant, that I would write no more.
Write more? why ſhould I my-ſelf tire,
Like Squirrel coop'd in Caſe of Wire,
Whisking her Whirligig around,
As ſmitten with it's tinkling Sound?
You'll ſay, our-ſelves we both amuſe,
And others too—But where's the Uſe,
If neither of us gain our Freedom,
Nor Muſic's pay——howe'er we need 'em?
The Squirrel in her Caſe, no doubt,
Would rather jump and skip about
From Bough to Bough, from Tree to Tree,
And in the ſhady Groves range free;

Or

Or in the Hedge-Rows gather Nuts,
Juſt as ſhe lik'd, to ſtuff her Guts.
My Muſe, my Soul, to Heav'n aſpires,
Beyond the Reach of worthleſs———
Who to no Purpoſe have Eſtate,
But to do Miſchief, and look Great.
Muſt we be under ſuch Direction?
But nought in me ſhall cauſe Dejection:
Nor would I leave the World in pet,
Nor am I ripe for Heaven yet,
Or would be riper——If I cou'd
Be capable to do more Good.
Natur'liſts write the Palm-Tree grows
Better with Weights upon its Boughs—
Hence 'tis my Motto—*I Triumph*
The more depreſs'd—Perhaps cry Humph!
Or ſo——But in God's Cauſe I fly on,
And ſeize th' Inſulter like a Lion:
Yet, like that gen'rous Creature, can
Spare the ſubmiſſive, proſtrate Man.

Proſtrate? As how? To God, not me——
Make his Peace there, we ſoon agree.
For e'en the Laſhes of my Rod
Are but to drive him to his God;
To Him, who will in Mercy ſpare
All of that Mercy fit to ſhare.
To me, thoſe Foes who give Offence,
(Be what they will in their own Sence)
Are but the Fools of Providence
T' enhance my future Happineſs.
(O may not theirs for that be leſs.)
Heaven forgive 'em All, I ſay;
Heaven forgive me too, I pray.
Valiant I'll wait for God's good time,
But here at preſent end my Rhime;
Hang up my Harp on yonder Tack,
Unleſs more Lays you greatly Lack,
Not merely tickling, but for Uſe;
Elſe here take Farewell of my Muſe.

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